



















# SUPPLY.

"Why does all heaven inward toward beaming south?"  
Empty the brook-fed basin high on the mountain side  
Drain it dry by day, and make it dry as you will,  
The forces that guide the waters no vacuum can abide,  
They rush, they join, they link their threads in a foaming tide  
And down they hurry and hasten this spot pool to refill.  
Empty the sphere of glass, exhaust its last spent air,  
Seal it and make it sure, and deem your work complete,  
Let but a pin pierce the fabric anywhere, and the urgent and crowding ether will at your guardiance care,  
Will enter and fill the space, and laugh at your swift defeat.

So to the empty chambers of these craving souls of ours  
Comes the inviolable grace which breathes from the Lord of Heaven,  
Comes as comes to the sand the tide with its treacherous ebb,  
Comes as comes to the harvest the sowing summer seed,  
As to thirst of the desert the draft which in life is given.

Only be ready and wait, and Heaven shall last to bleed,  
Empty the old wine out and make a place for the new,  
Swifter than rushing wind shall the force divide down,  
And the pitiful Lord instead of the want and the loneliness  
Shall give the peace of peace and the fullness of joy to you.  
—Blessed Confession, in S. S. Times.

# LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

The American Bison Is Fast Disappearing from the Continent.

A New Herd Found Has Recently Been Established at Adria, Mich.—A Happy and Growing Family at Page Park.

ERIAPS one of the most remarkable things in the national history of the North American continent is the rapid disappearance of the buffalo, which erstwhile roamed over vast ranges of territory in almost countless herds and in absolutely countless numbers. The American bison, more popularly and commonly termed the buffalo, is the last of three varieties of this peculiar species of the ox family. The first was the Eur-Asiatic variety, which in the days of Romulus and Remus roamed through the forests of Gaul and Germania, now like its American cousin, nearly extinct, being found very rarely in the forests of Lithuania. The second of the species is the Indian bison, frequenting the wooded ranges of the Himalayas; and the third, the short-necked, broad-headed, and shaggy-shouldered fellows, with whose appearance every American schoolboy is familiar, although living specimens have for some years been growing more and more rare, until the entire family has been threatened with extinction.

The American bison has a reputation as a fighter. Yet naturalists say he is the most peaceful and inoffensive of the mammal family. If the scientist who writes books on natural history are to be credited, then plainness, hunters and all writers of the wild western school must be the direct descendants of Annulus.

These animals in days of yore ranged over all that portion of North America west of the Hudson and Alleghenies and south of the Columbia river; but for many years they have been crowded east of the Father of Waters and crowded ever westward toward the setting sun, having apparently distanced the Indian on the route toward utter extinction.

In anticipation of such consummation the Smithsonian institution at Washington, anxious to preserve some specimens of the American bison, not many years ago sent a commissioner into the far west to procure the necessary hides and heads of male and female specimens, to be stuffed and set up in the museum. So rare had these animals become that it required long and vigilant search, and only through the most unexpected luck, after divers discouraging failures, was the messenger able to secure the desired trophies. With the exception of a small and rapidly-diminishing herd in the Yellowstone country and another among the hills of New Hampshire, the types of bison to be seen to-day are almost entirely confined to one or two managed specimens in menageries and zoos attached to public parks. Their propagation by private enterprise has, however, recently been attempted, and successful breeding grounds have just been established with the view of increasing the number of the living animals.

Mich. Two of the leading sports in the Michigan are Messrs. J. Wallace Page and Walter Clement.

Commencing in a small way three years ago they fitted up a small place where they could keep a few deer, a few wild cats and some deer, trophies of the hunt and donations from time to time of friendly Nimrods. These constituted the nucleus of a happy party, and their numbers increased to such an extent that it no longer became possible to maintain the necessary extensive cordons. Finally the advent of a cold winter made an extension of the territory devoted to this innocent zoo a matter of necessity.

A picturesque location of some acres was purchased in the northwest suburb of the city, which was strongly fenced in and duly partitioned, and into this the amateur menagerie was turned loose. The park consists of rich, rolling land, partially wooded, with lots of good pasture, and a miniature lake of about three acres. In the southwest corner is what was once a commodious farm dwelling, which is now used as a residence by the keeper of the grounds. The original arrivals turned loose here comprised a number of deer, indigenous to the forests of upper Michigan. These were reinforced by some elk, several of which were trained to harness. About one third of the total number were females, and during last summer a number of deer and elk were born.

A short time ago Mr. Clement conceived the idea of introducing a herd of buffalo, believing that the shaggy descendants of the erstwhile monarchs of the plains would increase, flourish and grow fat. The culmination of this idea was seen a little later, when a massive male specimen, about nine years old, with four females as retinue, was imported and turned out to browse on the rich sward of Page park. The female quartet of the combination consists of one yearling heifer and three cows, just past two years old, their weights ranging from 600 to 900 pounds.

The procurement of the Page herd was not altogether an easy matter. It was one thing to resolve to get and raise buffaloes, and quite another thing to find the necessary nucleus for such a family. In order to carry out his project Mr. Clement found it necessary, instead of seeking the land of the setting sun, to stalk the wilds and fastnesses of Lincoln park, Chicago. Not long ago he noticed that the superintendent of Lincoln park, H. C. Alexander, had determined to dispose of a surplus of the variety of bison which he had imported to introduce a better and choicer variety. Mr. Clement at once decided upon Lincoln park as his future field of operations, but before he could get there he found that the park authorities had already sold several specimens to the government, to be turned loose in Yellowstone park. Mr. Clement, however, had already secured five more.

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# BRADDOCK IN HISTORY.

The British General Was a Brave and Daring Soldier.

Washington Himself Tried to Dismiss the Name of His Day in its Prejudice Against the Unfortunate Chieftain.

(Special Washington Letter.)  
Rhythmic rhymers are not poets. Makers of verses are as numerous as the stars. On the philosophers of the instinct and breeding can make rhymes which last throughout the ages. It was the philosophic, pedantic, nervous, satirically and learned Longfellow who said that:

"We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time."

There are footprints all along the beach of history. The waves may wash the turf may beat, and the breakers may scud and storm, but the footprints made by some men will last forever. No political or scholastic scientific disturbance can wipe out the footprints of Confucius, Zoroaster, Caesar, Cromwell, Washington or Lincoln. Their footprints will last forever.

You all have read of Braddock and his alleged valorous effort to conduct an Indian campaign. Writers glorifying Washington have minimized Braddock, one of the greatest military minds of his age. It is not true that he marched against the Indians with the expectation of chasing them to the bits. That story originated with friends of Washington, and if he were here he would repudiate the story. Braddock knew that he was entering a hostile country, and would have to compete with savages whose methods were new to him. He realized before he left England that he had a terrible and dangerous campaign before him. But he was a soldier and marched along the path of duty until he fell upon the field of noble, honorable battle.

George Anne Bellamy, one of the most gifted writers in England, published two books in 1785, which showed something about Gen. Braddock's life which all the people should know. As the reputed wife of John Calverly, Esq., she secured for him the agencies of paymaster'ships of no less than a dozen regimental commanders in the British army, among them that of Gen. Braddock, thus multiplying Calverly's income to a princely figure. On page 193 of volume 2 Miss Bellamy says:

"I have known him, and who was particularly fond of me, was about this period appointed to go to America. From his intimacy gave me his agency without my applying for it. While he was making the necessary preparations for his voyage he was more frequently than usual at our house. The evening before his departure he was accompanied by his wife and my darling friend, and Capt. Orme. Before we parted the general told me he should never see me more, for he was going with a hundred of men to conquer whole nations, and to do this they must cut their way through unknown woods. He produced a map of the country, saying at the time, 'We are sent like sacrifices to the annihilation of the Indian race. The event of the expedition too fatally verified the general's expectations. On going away he put in my hands a paper, which proved to be his will.'"

This will was drawn up in favor of John Calverly, to whom he bequeathed property valued at \$12,000. On page 195 of volume 2 the actress narrates further, after referring to the news of Braddock's death:

"A demand was made from the treasury for the government plate left us by the late unfortunate Gen. Braddock, which might be had. He at once took them. The five animals were corralled in the Chicago jungle, thanks to Mr. Clement's diplomacy and long-range bank account. Two new bulls have been secured, and Mr. Clement has secured the five specimens, weighing something in excess of 2,000 pounds each—G. W. Larwill, in Chicago Chronicle.

Gen. Page and Plunkett.  
A gentleman living in eastern Georgia owned a pair of geese and one half-grown pig, both of which resorted to a small pig-stick on the hillside, to pick up the fallen fruit. A small branch of one of the trees was broken and bent down to the ground, and the geese had somehow discovered that by catching the end of the branch in their bills and shaking the tree by means of it, they could bring down the pig-stick. The pigs, seeing that was going on, soon found it for their interest to follow the geese to the plum thicket. The geese would shake the tree, and the pig would come and eat with good reason, one of the geese would seize a pig by the ear, while the other marched on the other side of him, and the sound of a grateful shower of this way, heating poor piggy with their wings at every step, they would escort him to the top of the hill and there let him go. Then they would retire to the tree again, with a similar result. This scene, says a correspondent, I have witnessed daily during the plum season.—Punch's Companion.

—Finally, ever since Shakespeare's time, and perhaps for long before, he has been a symbol of thought or remembrance. Two or three poets, a hundred years earlier than Shakespeare, mentioned the geese, as having this symbolism.

Probably nobody would, for the coincidence is too extraordinary; but such is the irony of fate, the fact is even true. The ground where Braddock first set foot is practically the key to the city of Washington, almost equidistant from either end of it and affording to an invading force the readiest approach by water.

At that time, at the opening of the French and Indian war, and for half a century afterward, there was no city of Washington. The country hereabouts was a comparative wilderness. George Washington was but a scripling colonel in the Virginia militia. No one dreamed of independence of the British crown, and all of the English colonies were bracing themselves to resist the encroachments of the king. Alexandria, then a colonial village eight miles down the Virginia side of the Potomac, was the recruiting point of Braddock's army. Thither his little fleet of two warships and half a dozen transports, under Commodore Keppel, had proceeded from Hampton with two regiments of 200 men each, to be augmented later by 400 Virginia troops. Braddock, himself, with his own personal baggage, got separated from the remainder of his party and landed on this side of the river opposite Annapolis, at what is now at the foot of Second Street, northwest, then a stretch of woods. Braddock's vessel was drawn close up to shore and moored to a big bowlder protruding from the bank, upon which, as we can imagine, he stamped his boot heel and struck a dramatic attitude in disembarking.

Braddock has ever since been known, to those who have known of it, as "Braddock's rock," and to this day it is still intact and unmoisted by stone or relic hunter. It is even deemed of any account in history, though Braddock's expedition against Duquesne had been successful this untimely lower might not have been deemed as another Plymouth rock, famous for the landing of the Pilgrims. Braddock would doubtless have won for himself not only the fame that fell to Gen. Forbes and to Gen. Amherst for the capture of Crown Point and Ticonderoga, but also that which Wolfe secured in 1759 by his success at Quebec, all resulting in the relinquishment of French authority on the American continent. Braddock would probably now be revered as one of the prime early heroes of this western world and the course of his entire progress would be accounted as path of glory. But the unfortunate accident of defeat has changed all of that. Since success is the only standard of merit and achievement, the world deigns not to tread in the footsteps of failure.

After all is said the truth of the matter seems to be that Braddock, indisputably a brave soldier, was only too conscious of the difficulty and doubtful result of his enterprise, but that, having set out upon it, he determined to grimly face the task to the end with the most cheerful assent possible. It is no derogation to his generalship that he should have been unfitted by temperament and training for the task of leading savages and painted devils lurking in ambush. Instead of having been a boastful and vainglorious cockney, as the school of the day is apt to conceive him, he only appears to have been too proud to show by look or sign his own conviction of the hopelessness of his mission. Even so, it is admitted that he was a stranger to fear. Living then as beautifully and most appropriately.

Longfellow spared him not, even in his grave. The failure of the expedition was attributed both in England and in America to his obstinacy, his technical pedantry and his military spirit. But whatever may have been his faults and errors, he is a man who has been the hardest lot that can befall a brave soldier. He is now lying in an honored grave in a strange land, a memory clouded by misfortune and a name forever coupled with defeat.

Washington himself endeavored successfully to dismiss the popular mind in his own day of its prejudice against Braddock. In Miss Bellamy's May 1845, an interesting conversation held with Washington, while president, by the aged William Windley of Youngstown, in which Braddock was the subject, was unfortunately, but that his character was very much too severely treated; that even in the manner of fighting he was no more than a man. The first of his military career, illustrating Washington's regard for his old chief, that he favored the erection of a monument over Braddock's grave, but the opportunity of doing so until after the revolutionary war, and then the grave could not be identified. When identified years after, however, it was found to be a simple, unadorned, and the fallen hero's bones were ruthlessly scattered no one knows where. It is perhaps Braddock's greatest misfortune that he was doomed to suffer, for more than a century, unjust misconception and misapprehension by the very people for whom he labored in vain.

—Give what you have. To some it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow.

# FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM.

The Cretan Struggle for Liberty and Independence.

Heriot B. played by the Forty-Four Patriots on the Island of Crete—Turkish Cruelty Gives Heinous Strength to Their Cause.

(Special Letter.)

Recently the cable brought the terrible news that in Cana, the principal city of the island of Crete, 1,000 persons had been massacred by Turkish troops. Five hundred women and children escaped from the infuriated mercenaries of the sultan by seeking refuge in the Christian churches, where they would have starved to death had not the English and French warships stationed in the harbor come to their rescue and furnished them with the necessities of life. All the bodies of the slain were mutilated, and in many instances the eyes of the victims had been gouged out. And all this in the face of the fact that six great powers—Russia, Germany, Great Britain, France, Italy and Austria-Hungary—are pledged to protect the port's Christian subjects. The Turkish government has been the horrible crime on the protest that the Cretans are in revolt against the padishah, that 15,000 armed patriots are fighting to overthrow the Mussulman domination established in 1669, and that they have been guilty of murdering Turkish troops in cold blood. While it is true that the Cretans are endeavoring to secure freedom, the charge that they have been guilty of anything like the atrocities committed by their fanatical masters is absolutely untrue. The natives of Crete love liberty, are remarkable for their agility, activity and swiftness, noted for daring and bravery, are by some reputed to be vindictive, but they are not cruel. Whenever the patriots have met their opponents on the field of battle they have treated them fairly, and the Turkish governor has been unable to prove a single case of barbarity against them.

The Cretan cause is a noble one. History tells us that the island of Crete, or Candia, which forms the southern limit of the Grecian archipelago, was the birthplace of the great Greek heroes, Phoeniceans, Peloponnesians and Dorians, and is the land that it was first governed by Minos, whose name is familiar to every student of Grecian literature.

treasury at Athens has been compelled, by popular clamor, to assist the rebellious islanders with cash and provisions. The present premier of Greece, M. Delmas, is trying very hard to continue a policy of neutrality in the Cretan question, but the chances are that, unless Turkey is willing to make far-reaching concessions, he will be forced to recede from his position. There is no doubt that the patriots will no longer be so prone to granting partial self-government to Crete, but the patriots have been deceived so often by their oppressors that reforms which would have been accomplished with delay a few years ago are no longer attractive. Like the Cubans, they are fighting for complete independence and eventual annexation to Greece.

Should the Athens government conclude to comply with the popular demand and interfere in favor of the patriots, Turkey would have to give up

the struggle, for although the Greeks are poor, they are rich when compared with the Turkish King George, who is under the influence of the Russian foreign office, some determined, however, not to risk anything that might compromise his kingdom and the stability of his shaky throne.

The other European powers are unwilling to do anything for the patriots because the time for the division of European Turkey has, in the opinion of their diplomats, not yet arrived. And the advent of that time, the Christian subjects of the sultan will continue to be murdered in cold blood in spite of the protests of the people of every civilized nation. In the four centuries of the past, the sultan has played the alleged statesman of to-day, the promise of spoils to come is a more potent factor than the sword of martyrdom and the honor of heroic virtue.

But whatever the diplomats may say or do, the poorly-fed, shabby-clad patriots of Crete will continue the holy warfare against their Mohammedan oppressors. And the same can be said of the heroes of Macedonia who are even now fighting for the freedom of the land of Alexander the Great.

In itself the war in Crete is of trifling interest to the people of America, but it is a lesson in the persecution of the brave patriots who, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, know how to die for liberty and lofty principles. The Cretan cause is a noble one, and the people of America are worthy of serious consideration and should have the privilege of giving aid and assistance to the brave men and women of every where.

O. W. WEIPPERT.

not until the beginning of the present year did the uprising assume proportions of such magnitude that the Turkish war office had to send special troops to Cana and other strategic points.

Nothing could give the reader a more comprehensive idea of the misgovernment of the Turks than a mere statement of the fact that the population of Crete, which was 200,000 when the Venetians lost control of the island, had fallen to 210,000 in 1870, and to 300,000 in 1880.

The massacre at Cana is seriously embarrassing the government of Greece. The Cretans have always had the sympathy of the people of the Hellenic states, and several times the royal

GEORGE I., KING OF GREECE.

treasury at Athens has been compelled, by popular clamor, to assist the rebellious islanders with cash and provisions. The present premier of Greece, M. Delmas, is trying very hard to continue a policy of neutrality in the Cretan question, but the chances are that, unless Turkey is willing to make far-reaching concessions, he will be forced to recede from his position. There is no doubt that the patriots will no longer be so prone to granting partial self-government to Crete, but the patriots have been deceived so often by their oppressors that reforms which would have been accomplished with delay a few years ago are no longer attractive. Like the Cubans, they are fighting for complete independence and eventual annexation to Greece.

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BRADDOCK'S HEADQUARTERS AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.



A STREET SCENE IN CANA.

